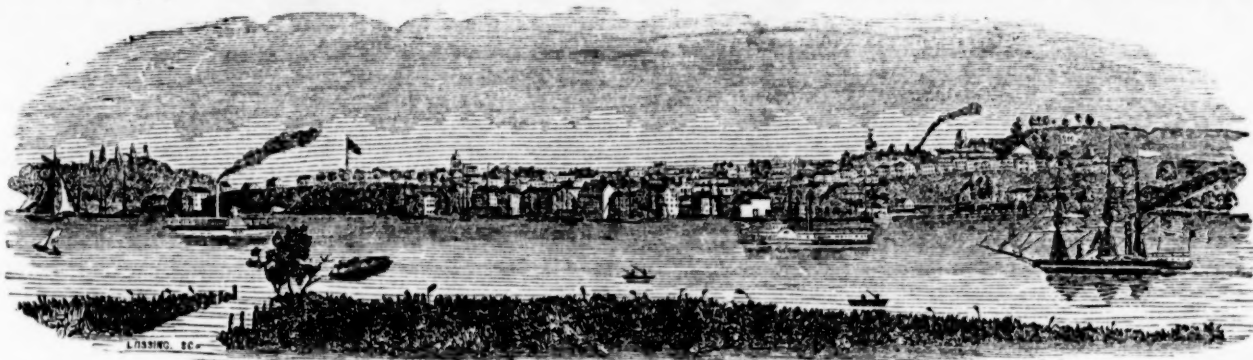


THE RURAL REPOSITORY.



ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

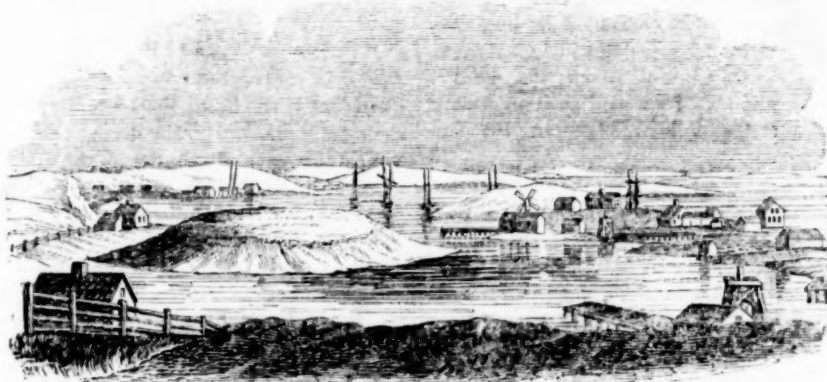
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXIII.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1846.

NUMBER 7.

NORTHERN VIEW OF WELFLEET HARBOR, MASS.



THE above shows the appearance of Wellfleet Harbor, as it is seen from the north. It is surrounded by sand hills of different sizes, but mostly forming obtuse cones, smooth, regular, destitute of verdure, and quite novel in their general appearance.

The village of Wellfleet contains two Congregational churches, and is stated to be one hundred and five miles from Boston, by land, and by water twenty leagues, and from Plymouth light eight leagues. Population of the town, 2,303. Most of the inhabitants follow the seafaring business. In 1837, there were thirty nine establishments for manufacturing salt, and 10,000 bushels were made; sixty-two vessels were employed in the cod and mackerel fishery; 3,100 quintals, and 17,500 barrels of mackerel, were taken; and in this business 496 hands were employed.

"No shipwreck is more remarkable than that of the noted pirate Bellamy, mentioned by Governor Hutchinson, in his history. In the 1717, his ship, with his whole fleet, were cast on the shore of what is now Wellfleet, being led near the shore by the captain of a snow, which was made a prize the day before, who had the promise of the snow as a present, if he would pilot the fleet in Cape Cod harbor; the captain suspecting the pirate would not keep his promise, and that, instead of clearing his ship, as was his pretence, his intention might be to plunder the inhabitants of Provincetown. The night being dark, a lantern was hung in the shrouds of the snow, the captain of which, instead of piloting

where he was ordered, approached so near the land that the pirate's large ship, which followed him, struck on the outer bar: the snow, being less struck much nearer the shore. The fleet was put in confusion; a violent storm arose; and the whole fleet was shipwrecked on the shore. It is said that all in the large ship perished in the waters except two. Many of the smaller vessels got safe on shore. Those that were executed, were the pirates put on board a prize schooner, before the storm, as it is said. After the storm, more than an hundred dead bodies lay along the shore. At times, to this day, there are king William and queen Mary's coppers picked up, and pieces of silver called cob-money. The violence of the seas moves the sands upon the outer bar; so that at times the iron caboose of the ship, at low ebbs, has been seen."—3d vol. *Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc.* p. 120.

"For many years after this shipwreck, a man, of a very singular and frightful aspect, used every spring and autumn, to be seen traveling on the Cape, who was supposed to have been one of Bellamy's crew. The presumption is that he went to some place where money had been secreted by the pirates to get such a supply as his exigencies required. When he died, many pieces of gold were found in a girdle, which he constantly wore.—Aged people relate that this man frequently spent the night in private houses, and that, whenever the Bible or any religious book was read, or any family devotions performed, he invariably left the room.

This is not improbable. It is also stated that, during the night, it would seem as if he had in his chamber a legion from the lower world; for much conversation was often overheard which was boisterous, profane, blasphemous, and quarrelsome in the extreme. This is the representation. The probability is, that his sleep was disturbed by a recollection of the murderous scenes in which he had been engaged, and that he, involuntarily, vented such exclamations as, with the aid of an imagination awake to wonders from the invisible regions gave rise, in those days, to the current opinion that his bedchamber was the resort of infernals."—*Alden's Coll. Epitaphs*, vol. iv.

TALES.

From the Olive Branch.

THE MUTE DOCTOR,

OR THE

MAN WITH MANY NAMES.

A TALE OF PASSION—BY M. L. S.

[Concluded.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Dishonored and Deserted Victim.

ON the afternoon of the day following Mrs. Gastone's departure from her husband with Dr. Boyd, he invited her to walk and examine some rooms, which he had hired and furnished, adding that the handsome apartments where they had passed the night were lent him by a friend for the occasion, and they must now leave them. She immediately acceded to his proposal and having prepared herself, they pursued their way in silence, with what thoughts the reader may well imagine.

A long and tiresome walk brought them to a large, old-fashioned, desolate and somewhat suspicious looking building. Mrs. Gastone expressed some surprise as her lover paused here, but supposing that he had some errand, she withdrew her arm to wait patiently till he should proceed.

A stout, heavy knock at the door soon brought a man with a gray blouse, and slouched hat, to whom Boyd nodded familiarly, and invited his lady to enter.

"But I do not wish to stop here," she replied, drawing back with some dignity.

"Never mind, I want you to come in a moment,"

he said, in a tone which induced her to conceal her aversion and follow him.

Ascending a flight of half decayed steps, he threw open a door into a dreary and dilapidated apartment, the floor of which was rough and uneven and the walls bare and cold. A few chairs, one small table and an old stove comprised the furniture of the room. Upon the old door was a new lock. Turning a bright key to prevent any egress, he silently crossed the floor and revealed an inner closet, unfinished and more rough even than the first, in which stood a bed and washing apparatus. This again led into a rude entry and decayed staircase, recently repaired with rough boards, at the foot of which was a door leading into a lane.

Having silently exhibited these to the elegant and fastidious Bella, who stood petrified with astonishment, he drew her into the first room and closing the door, said with a countenance in which triumph and cool revenge were equally mingled,

"You have seen our present suit of apartments. You have often asserted that you were ready to brave even poverty with me. There will be now an opportunity to test the truth of such assertions. When you before consented to grace my abode with your presence, I had money and I willingly lavished it upon you. Unmindful of all I sacrificed for you, you deserted me. That night when I found that you were gone, I vowed a deep and sure revenge. I shall now have it. Your food will daily be brought to you. The loneliness of your situation need cause you no fear. A very particular friend of mine, who occupies the room beneath you, will protect you and also communicate to me every attempt to escape. You will not, however, be likely to attempt this, for where would you go? Degraded, dishonored in the eyes of the world, your fool of a husband will not again receive you, and by condescending to examine your purse, you will perceive that I have already availed myself of the money and jewels it contained. These I shall most economically devote to your daily subsistence and my own pleasures. I shall daily look in upon you, to assure myself that you are in the endurance of all possible misery, and thus, madam, I have my revenge."

During this cruel speech Mrs. Gastone had sunk into a chair, overwhelmed with astonishment and terror, attempting no reply; but when he turned and placed his hand upon the lock to go out, she caught his arm, and with streaming eyes exclaimed.

"Do not leave me, Walter; take me to my husband, my children. I will be their servants. It is not yet too late. I will be very penitent. Oh! surely you have not the heart to leave me alone in this desolate place," and a flood of scalding tears coursed down her marble-like face.

"Compose yourself, madam. I have a heart for anything," he exclaimed, roughly shaking her off. "A pretty farce it would be truly to cut short the revenge upon which I so much dote, and cast myself into your husband's claws. No—no—you mistake me wholly," and he laughed at her utter misery.

"God grant you may some day plead for the mercy you deny me," bitterly exclaimed the agonized woman, still clinging to his knees. He rudely pushed her away and departed. Long and bitterly wept the proud victim of an ill-judged passion.

"I deserve all this," she murmured, "but I cannot bear it; my guilt is enormous, I see it now, but that the punishment should come from him is too

much. I hate—yes, I loath him now," and as a sudden noise caused her to start and look around the desolate room through the open crevices of which, the wind sighed mournfully, fresh tears burst from her.

From this burst of sorrow she was aroused by a loud knock upon the door. Three times it was repeated ere she could summon courage to open it. The same man who had admitted them, stood before it with his familiar and sinister smile. He carried in one hand a small tea-tray, and without bowing or asking permission, he rudely entered and placed it upon the table.

"There, madam," said he, "is your food for twenty-four hours. Your man has given me orders and I am to watch you day and night. It will be needless to try to do without me; I shall make myself quite useful to you. But how do you like this room?"

Mrs. Gastone only stared at him with her large eyes dilated to the utmost, and an angry and insulted expression of countenance.

"Oh, well ma'am, you needn't be put out, if you don't choose to talk, it's all the same to me, only Victrine said I should find you a very friendly and sociable-like companion, which would be pleasant as we are to live here alone; but he mistook, that's all; if you want me, ma'am, just give three knocks upon the floor with this stick and I'll be with you in a minute. I am paid for it you see," and insolently biding her good-night, left the room.

"If you do not come till I call you, it will be long before you enter again," said the wretched woman to herself, as after his departure she looked about to ascertain what were her means of defence against the rude treatment which she much feared would be offered her.—There was nothing but the lock upon the door and the stick left her to pound with in case she wished for assistance, with the latter she contrived to fasten the door of her sleeping closet so as to secure herself within the two rooms.

Upon the waiter was a common night-lamp which she found did not contain sufficient oil to burn two hours. At this discovery she sat down in despair. As she anticipated, she was soon in total darkness, the uneasiness caused by which was increased by the sound of rough voices in the room below; these gradually swelled till they became boisterous and unrestrained. Among them, she distinctly recognized that of her lover. Terrified beyond expression, she crouched upon her bed without undressing and as morning advanced and the sounds died away, she fell into an uneasy slumber.

Day after day passed in this manner, during which Boyd frequently looked in to add insult to her misery.—She had become pale as death and her eyes seemed larger than ever, contrasted with the harshness and sharpness which her features now assumed. She would have appealed to the kindness of the man with whom she lived, but whenever he appeared, the exceeding hideousness of his countenance repelled her and rendered it impossible; she doubtless could have bribed him, but all means of so doing had been taken from her.

Thus passed the time till Bernard ascertained that Boyd, having crept from one hiding place to another, was mostly secreted in his wife's cottage. With the scenes which followed we are already acquainted.

On the afternoon of that day, Mrs. Gastone, al-

most worn out with grief, disappointments, injuries and insults, and despairing of any relief while Boyd was free to torment her, which, for aught she could see, would be the case for a long time to come, resolved that that night should witness a termination of her miseries, if it brought no relief. The thought of self-destruction had often occurred to her and she had only been preserved from it by a secret hope of again seeing her children. This, for many days grew more and more faint, till she found herself upon the verge of insanity; clasping her hands upon her head and calling wildly upon her absent ones to supplicate for her release.

She had borne to the utmost, and human suffering must somewhere find its limit. Exhausted, she sank upon the bed which for two days and nights had been undisturbed.

Suddenly the wretched sufferer was aroused from the stupor into which she had fallen, by the sound of loud voices in the entry, unlike those to which she had nightly become accustomed. Springing from the bed, she listened at the door with the eagerness of despair. It was her husband's voice exclaiming,

"Show me to her room instantly; your heart's blood shall pay the penalty if you have deceived me."

"Follow me," replied Boyd in a much louder tone than was necessary.

Instantly she heard the tramping of footsteps upon the stairs, and wholly overcome by the fear of meeting her husband, she flew through her sleeping-room to the back entry and endeavored to secrete herself among some rubbish that had been left there, instead of which she only fell among them and fainted.

In a moment a strong hand lifted the latch but the lock yielded not.

"Open this," exclaimed Gastone, laying his fingers to Boyd's throat in a way that gentleman by no means relished. Dumont, in the mean time, had laid his powerful shoulder to the door and burst it from its hinges.

Gastone started, and an expression of anguish passed over his countenance as he saw the wretched place in which his beautiful and accomplished wife had been confined, and for a second his thoughts were abstracted by seeing a rich velvet dress belonging to her thrown carelessly across the chair.

That incident was of vast importance to Boyd.—Finding that he could not for a moment elude the strong grasp and vigilant eyes of his companions in order to escape, and having already had too severe a specimen of their vengeance to again tempt it by deceiving them, together with having glutted himself with the misery of his victim till it was no longer a novelty, induced him to conduct them to the right place, trusting to his usual "luck" to contrive a method of escape. The momentary abstraction of the attention of Gastone did not escape him. Seeing the other doors ajar, he exclaimed "she is here," and like lightning flew down the stairs into the narrow lane.

Both followed immediately, but so quickly had he slipped out, that in the twilight they could not perceive the means of his departure.

"Blood and thunder!" exclaimed Gastone, "he must be leagued with the devil to have escaped us thus."

"A light—a light," cried Dumont, but no where could one be found.

At this instant, as they passed through the bed

room a slight and stifled groan arrested their attention.—Stepping back into the entry from which it seemed to proceed, a little search showed them a female lying senseless upon the floor. Dumont, who first reached her, raised her in his arms and quickly bore her to the large room.

"It is she," said the wretched husband, bending over her in agony, "but ah! how changed."

It was indeed true. Sorrow, a sickness of the soul, remorse and despair had reduced her, even in those few days, to a pitiable object. Her dress was disordered, her hair matted and tangled and her person every way neglected, and as he gazed at her so truly helpless in her degradation and desertion, large tears—the first he had shed since this new trial—fell from his eyes upon her sunken and unnatural countenance. Dumont seized a cup of water from the table and dashed it in her face she started, half opened her eyes, and murmuring,

"My children! Oh take them not away," again relapsed into a death-like swoon.

The stern and unbending rage with which her husband had sought her, and which he would have poured in overwhelming torrents upon her head, had he found her by any means comfortable, was wholly subdued during the quarter of an hour in which they laboured to restore her to consciousness, and he wept and moaned piteously over the miserable being whom, in former years, he had so tenderly loved.

At last she revived, and though nearly dark recognized him. A deep and burning crimson instantly glowed upon her face and neck, and sinking to her knees she exclaimed,

"I seek not forgiveness—I deserve it not—but take me once more to my children and let me become their servant. Heap upon me every species of degradation, I can endure it I shall shrink from nothing if you will permit me sometimes to behold them—to know that they are happy," and burying her face in her hands, she wept bitterly.

Mr. Gastone raised and seated her in a chair. With a voice in which powerful though wounded love and pity for her wretchedness, were strangely blended with forced sternness, severity and coldness, he replied,

"I forgive you though you ask it not, and will take you to my home; but never again can you restore my peace of mind or my confidence in you—they are gone forever. You shall be comfortable and you will doubtless find some consolation in cultivating the affection of your children; my love, you have rejected and lost; it can never again be rekindled."

"Will not my extreme sufferings atone in some measure for my guilt?" she asked in a subdued tone. "I have endured very, very much."

"I know it," replied the husband brushing away a tear which started at the mention of this, for with all his conjugal affection, there had ever been mingled much paternal love and care for the frail being before him, "and I, too, have been wrung with such intense agony as it seemed impossible to bear. Oh! how could you desert me thus?" and he stretched forth his arms as if to embrace her—then suddenly recollecting himself, drew back muttering "no—no—she loves another—she has rested on, his bosom—she is nothing to me now."

Nothing in all their intercourse had touched the heart of the sorrow-stricken and penitent woman like this.—Again sinking on her knees she exclaimed in an imploring voice,

"Oh my god! permit me once more to behold my children and then let me die."

At this moment Dumont, who upon her first revival to consciousness had gone for a carriage, returned, and urged their immediate departure. Hastily gathering up the beautiful dress, they entered it and drove rapidly home. During their drive, the lady again fainted, and upon their arrival, Dumont, saying to his companion,

"Excuse me, I see you are unable to do what you would," bore her quickly to her own room and laid her on the sofa. Gastone entered immediately after and with tears thanked him sincerely. Then leaving the apartment, Dumont communicated all to Catherine and desired that no one should intrude upon them.

It was whispered in the family that Mrs. Gastone had returned, but none saw or spoke openly of her. She was ill and her husband alone waited upon her with a firm hand and a cold stern brow; but when alone, the contraction of his features ceased, his hands trembled and he often wept, wholly overcome by a deep and corroding anguish.

When she had recovered somewhat of her ordinary appearance, her children were brought to her. Silently, with burning cheeks and drooping eyes, she pressed them to her bosom, where dwelt a love for them, too powerful for utterance.

At length Dumont was admitted, and he started as those large, dark eyes which he had once thought so surpassingly lovely rested upon him with a sorrowful and humbled expression, and he contrasted the haggard woman with the proud and brilliant girl whose hand, as her guardian, he had bestowed upon his best friend, and deemed that in so doing he had secured both a life-long happiness. He talked to her of Maleen, and fancied that the anguish which revealed itself upon her countenance was caused by her affection for the gentle girl, little dreaming that she had been in part the cause of her early death. Daily the noble-hearted man sought her room, concealing his own grief to restore composure to her bosom.

One day as Mrs. Gastone sat alone in her room, before she had ventured down stairs, a low, timid knock was heard at the door, and being hidden, Catherine entered with a subdued yet cheerful countenance. Mrs. G. silently extended her hand to the faithful woman, which she respectfully pressed to her lips. Tears started in the eyes of the truly humbled mistress at this mark of affection, and Catherine, as if she understood all, merely said,

"You have always been very kind to me. I can never forget that you sheltered my child when a wanderer and restored her to me."

"And you have been an untiring and devoted friend to my poor children."

"I could do no less," she replied, "but if you are willing and can bear them, I would like to state to you some things of which you may remain ignorant."

With a deep sigh, Mrs. Gastone requested her to proceed. Catherine then related all that had befallen Bernard and Emily, her own discovery respecting Boyd, and finally the existence and almost helpless condition of his wife and children, all of which was quite new to her. It was impossible but that their should be many unpleasant emotions and recollections in this interview, yet so delicately did Catherine avoid any personal remark, and so kindly did she comment on Boyd's crimes, that Mrs. Gastone felt that no one else could have rela-

ted these circumstances with so much tenderness for her feelings.

"We have both suffered by him," said Mrs. G. "though I have sinned deeply. Let it hereafter be a bond of union between us. You have many excuses—I have none."

"I know the power of love," replied the chastened woman, while a warm, bright flush upon her cheek, showed that neither time nor the exceeding guilt of her object, had wholly destroyed her early dream of affection.

Catherine departed after receiving permission for Emily to come in soon. Mrs. Gastone now wished to prepare herself for a conversation with her husband in the evening.

At the appointed hour he entered, his brow stern and his whole appearance cold and calm as usual since her return. Seating himself by her, he said in a decided tone,

"You are now able to mingle with the family. I chose that all should treat you with respect and shall therefore do so myself. Outwardly, I shall fail in none of the customary forms of life, and as far as others can see, matters will go on as usual; but your place in my heart you have forfeited; and while, as the mother of my children, I confer upon you every external mark of respect, in private we will remain as strangers. I shall never intrude upon your seclusion and shall expect the same forbearance from you. To-morrow I will attend you below, and it will be your own fault if the relations subsisting between us are ever subject to the remarks of others."

This was the most bitter of all. She could have borne reproaches, harsh language, even severe upbraids, for she was conscious that they were well-merited; but to be treated with a cold and limited respect, to have preserved between them only a formal and measured politeness, was death to the warm gushings of her passionate heart.

From her husband's firmness she knew that there could be no change anticipated, and meekly replied,

"I submit to your wishes. I know that I deserve not even this; but if years are granted me, I trust in some measure to atone for the wrongs I have inflicted upon you."

An agonized expression passed over his features. "I still suffer," he said, bowing his head upon his bosom. When he raised it all was tranquil and cold. With a formal good night, he left the room.

Never had Mrs. Gastone felt so keenly the effects of her errors. Truly humbled and penitent, she resolved that her future life should be earnestly devoted to the happiness of her husband, the cultivation of her children, and the purification of her own heart.

Months wore away, and it was observed by Mr. Dumont who still remained the guest of his friend that with their departure, returned much of Mr. Gastone's former gaiety; there was less formality and far more genuine kindness and freedom in his manner to his wife, and the rich glow of health again mantled her cheek and the divine fire of eloquence and poetry kindled in her eye.

Late in the autumn, Mr. Gastone announced that he had purchased a beautiful and romantic situation at the "West," and should remove as soon as all things are in readiness. A competent man was despatched to oversee the arrangements, and early the following spring, news arrived that all was in order for their immediate reception.

The last of April saw Mr. Gastone settled in his

new home, his family joyous and good, and himself a far happier man than he had supposed it possible for him to be.

"Bella," said he one day—it was the first time he had addressed her thus since their cruel separation and it brought the crimson to her cheeks—"Bella, come to my arms, I have punished myself and you long enough; do you—can you love me now?"

The fair penitent buried her face in his bosom as she had often before longed to do, and whispered amid her sobs.

"I dared not hope for this—it is too much," and their mingled tears upon the altar of true love were the pledge of their after happiness. Bella was once more a wife, nor did her heart ever again stray from its true resting place, but its wild, passionate throbbings were restrained within the limits of reasonable love.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Ex Doctor.

All rules of courtesy obliged us to attend to a fainting lady before concerning ourselves with a flying gentleman. We were therefore forced to leave the sometime Doctor—the man with a variety of appellations—who quickly stepping from the stair-case, in the twilight and in a place by no means well lighted, had fairly escaped the notice of his pursuers. Instead of following the lane into which the door opened, he turned a short angle, crossed several streets, and passing quickly round a corner, disappeared in what seemed to be an old shed, dilapidated, and to all appearance past use. The interior contained two visible partitions apparently in the same state of decay.

Pushing aside an old board in one of them, he crept through the aperture and gave three peculiar taps upon a new and stout door. It was opened by a man with fierce sharp features, evidently half-intoxicated, who demanded with a growl why he came to disturb them, adding that their "peaceful and honorable abode was no place for a man hunted by the police."

"No," continued another, rising and placing his hand heavily on Boyd's shoulder, "it won't do; you can't haul up here; we shall have the whole gang of officers down upon us before morning, pack off, I say."

"Coop away with your lady of the monstrous eyes if you are still in favor, which I much doubt," exclaimed a third, laughing at the rueful faces made by the doctor.

"What!" exclaimed he, in a voice of thunder, "do you no longer recognize me as your leader?"

"No! no!" was fervently ejaculated on all sides, "not till your pockets are again filled with silver. No empty purses admitted here. Our house is for the benefit of those who maintain themselves, pay their debts of honor, fight if necessary, and drink what is convenient. A pretty scrape we should be in if we retained a pennyless straggler with the law clumping at his heels. So off with you; don't be lagging, it's high time we were rid of you."

As he turned to go with an expression of proud contempt, another companion, assuming upon his face a look of mock pity, handed him a bottle, saying.

"Here, the poor fellow shall have a parting drop; may be it's the last he'll get."

This fresh insult aroused every passion hitherto controlled. Seizing the bottle, which was large and full, he dashed it with all his force against

the head of the speaker, and instantly the blood, brandy and bits of glass were mingled upon the matted locks of the wounded man.

This was the signal for a general battle. They rushed with the fury of wild cats upon the man they had hitherto feared for his superior address and success, and each seemed resolved to revenge upon his person the deficiency of his purse. There certainly was a prospect that his life would be the penalty of his rashness.

In the heat of the broil they were disturbed by another comrade, who, harshly upbraiding them for the clamor they were raising, declared that two suspicious looking men were lurking about their building, and advised them to slip out singly and disperse as quietly as possible, for as they were entirely routed from their comfortable underground nest, they could not afford to lose this.

Their victim was suddenly forgotten except by the one he had wounded, who, to obtain a summary revenge, gave him a tremendous blow in the face which forever closed one eye. Uttering a terrific scream from the exquisite pain, Boyd sprang toward the man, who hastily passed beyond his reach. Muttering horrid oaths, he secreted himself behind some old boards between the wall of the room and the partition of the shed.

The whole affair had lasted scarcely five minutes, and yet all was silent as the grave. Boyd was not however particularly comfortable in his new retreat. Twelve hours had passed since he had tasted food, which circumstance, together with the bruises of the afternoon and his present wounds caused him to be raging. A hundred times he cursed his own blunders and ill-luck, and vowed revenge upon Bernard, whom he declared to be the author of all his misery. In this state he passed the night and the next day, not daring to venture forth, and having now no secret retreat with his former companions. They regarded him as the ultimate cause of their ejection from their strong hold, and as his means of supplying luxuries were gone, all deserted him except the man who had charge of Mrs. Gastone during the time she remained prisoner. As he was unable to pay him what he agreed, the man would of course soon become his enemy.

The following evening he ventured forth by the most circuitous route to an obscure shop and exchanged his dress for one which formed a complete disguise. His injured eye was concealed by a leather shade, his black hair and whiskers shaven and replaced by a coarse flaxen wig and a variegated mustache, over which was drawn an immense slouched hat. A large figured cotton handkerchief was tied about his neck, a blue frock hung loosely from his graceful shoulders, and his delicate hands were thrust far into the pocket depths of some enormous pants.

Secure in this disguise, he removed himself with all possible speed to an eating cellar and spent his remaining money in a hearty meal, after which he slept in a vacant stable the door of which had been left open.

The following morning brought with it a variety of not very agreeable reflections. His money gone—deserted by his comrades—miserable—wounded—fasting—without a friend, he saw that he must quit his present sphere of action and try some other. He had learned from the man who kept guard over Mrs. Gastone in that lonely dwelling, that her husband had stationed an officer there

to arrest him should he return for his furniture.—He dared not approach the place, though strongly urged by his present poverty. He was also informed that Gastone and Bernard, assisted by civil authorities were constantly hunting him from place to place, so that he was forced to spend his days in some wretched and lonely covert, and prowling about at night, obtain by theft a wretched and meagre subsistence. He longed to meet once more with Bernard, hoping to secure his revenge, but even this desire was overcome for the present, by his utter destitution and poverty. Four weeks found him reduced to the extreme of misery. Exchanging his present disguise for that of a sailor, he bade adieu to the scene of his many crimes and heart-desolating wretchedness, still swearing future revenge upon Bernard. The last news of him revealed a conspicuous and brilliant part he was playing in Texas—the land of ultra gamblers and home-discarded villains.

CHAPTER XX.

The Consummation.

At the removal of Mr. Gastone, many important changes occurred. At their earnest request Catherine accompanied them for a limited period, more as a valued friend than a servant.

Mr. Dumont purchased their splendid mansion upon the Hudson, and providing himself with an amiable and intelligent housekeeper, gathered about him a few cherished friends, mostly those whom his benevolence had attached to him, and life passed cheerily on.

When he discovered the mutual attachment of Bernard and Emily, he said kindly.

"Yes—yes—I know," and forthwith the sweet girl—who was already a great favorite with the good man—was despatched to an excellent school for three years, on condition that she would consider him as her father, his house her home, and spend her vacations there, all which were joyfully acceded to.

His nephew was also sent from the city to repair the effects of a long neglected education, and that he might be secured from the keen jealousy of his former companions, who were ever ready to injure him. Twice a year, the young lovers spent four blissful weeks at the city residence of their protector. Bernard's affliction had never changed with his sudden promotion to wealth and station. He placed little value upon it excepting as a proof of the sincerity of his uncle, and a new offering to a heart all his own.

Mrs. Lawrence sank under the heavy blow inflicted by the certainty of her husband's crimes and the scene which occurred at her house as already described. A disease of the heart, which had been gradually developing itself, now came to a crisis.—No longer able to work, her few remaining weeks were rendered comfortable and comparatively happy, by the united kindness, of Mr. Peterson, Mr. Dumont and the excellent Dr. Mason, in whose esteem she held an exalted place. Catherine often sat with her for hours, and in her sympathizing heart her own gentle nature found a welcome response.

Her hour of departure evidently drew near and the final arrangements were made.

Serlo was to remain with Mr. Peterson, to whom he had ever been faithful. Little Hetty—a sweet, delicate child of eleven years—was disputed between Mr. Dumont and Dr. Mason. Each claim-

ed her. It was finally settled that she should remain with Dr. M. during the winter, go to school with her half-sister Emily in the spring, at their united expense, and then reside with either as she chose.

Mrs. Lawrence was greatly comforted by these arrangements.

Early in the autumn, about six weeks from her cruel parting with her husband, she tranquilly passed to a purer and happier clime. Many tears were shed beside the lovely and amiable woman whose sad story was known to each.

Little Hetty clung to her mother's grave, and her childish sorrow only yielded to the pure and ardent love which now sprang up in her young heart for Emily.

Four years have passed. We will again enter the elegant and well known mansion of Mr. Dumont. It is brilliantly lighted, and within one of its parlors stands a fair young bride of nineteen summers beside a tall, powerful and handsome man. The slender fingers of the fairy-like being are clasped in his own manly hand as the ceremony proceeds—it is finished, and his lips are pressed to hers. There they are—married—the noble youth and the gentle maiden—many blessings upon their loving hearts.

As they receive the congratulations of gathered friends, a matron in a gray silk and handsome cap steals quietly from the parlor, retires to her own apartment, and bowing herself, weeps tears of gratitude for the happiness of her child.

"Years of humility and penitence have expiated my sin and the curse is removed from her," she exclaims aloud amid her sobs, her face radiant with a consciousness of integrity and truth. A heavy burden is removed from her heart.

Dancing and music fills the house. Mr. Dumont forgets his own desolation of heart amid the universal gaiety, especially as the beautiful Hetty—so much resembling the lost Malcen—entwines her little hand in his, calls him "Father," and promises never more to leave him.

"Till you are married," he quickly replies, kissing her fair brow. A bright blush steals over her pure face which she for a moment buries in his bosom, and then moves away to join the charming bride.

Neither Bernard nor Emily wished to remain in the city. From Catherine, they had heard so many glowing descriptions of the beauty of her native village, that with his uncle's consent, he determined to purchase the place of her early home erect a new house, and she should reside with them.

No words could express Catherine's delight at this decision. Emily too, was rejoiced to return, under such favorable circumstances, to the neighborhood of her uncle and aunt by whom she had been so inhumanly treated and deserted in childhood.

They accordingly removed to L—, and procured an excellent home till their own house should be ready. Emily was soon visited by her relatives, who, with much bustle and show, declared their great joy at her arrival. She perfectly understood, and accordingly received them with genuine dignity and reserve.

During the somewhat protracted proceedings connected with the purchase of the estate formerly belonging to Catherine's father, it was most unex-

pectedly revealed, that Mr. Marble—the uncle of Emily—had, when a young man, committed a forgery, which, having never been discovered, laid the foundation of his wealth, and what he more valued if possible, his popularity. He was already a deacon in the church, Town-Clerk, and had once been chosen Representative. Nevertheless, it was now plain that he had been guilty of a forgery and their visions of wealth and influence proved baseless and fleeting dreams.

The church felt itself scandalized—the aristocratic villagers wondered how they ever could have endured the vulgar family—the wretched man fled no one knew whither, and Mrs. Marble and her children were forced to maintain themselves. Emily would not permit her relations to suffer, though willing that they should endure enough of the evils of poverty to create in their hearts, if possible, a sympathy for the poor. Upon her aunt, her many acts of kindness made no impression, but her young cousins were led by her into paths of honesty and integrity. Mrs. Marble worked and grumbled, constantly reproaching with bitter words, all with whom she met.

Bernard created a home, the seat of every convenience and even luxury, for his liberal uncle settled upon him an income amply sufficient for the style in which he wished them to live. Every summer this noble man closed his own mansion and spent some months in the cool and airy retreat of his adopted children, never failing to take Hetty with him.

Bernard and Emily in return cheered his house for a few weeks each winter. Once in each year they all met, either at the Western home of Mr. Gastone, or the village mansion of Bernard and Emily. Mrs. G. could never be persuaded to visit the city.

At length a little group was gathered around the young parents, over which, Catherine presided with all the fondness of an affectionate grandmother, and received in return the first fresh offerings of their childish love.

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

For the Rural Repository.

LONDON.

No. 8.

Sunday in London—excursion—market on Sunday—omnibus—remarks—the Bank—the Exchange—Hyde Park—statue of Archilles—St. James' Park—utility of Parks.

SUNDAY is generally a favorite day in London for excursions; the clerks, shopmen and others, who have been confined during the week, take recreation in the numerous tea-gardens, in the suburbs; and the small steamboats which ply to Woolwich, Gravesend, Richmond, Hampton Courts, and Greenwich, taking generally 10,000 passengers per day, on the Sabbath are crowded. The numerous Railways are put into active requisition, excursion trains are going all day; I have seen the cars of the south-eastern Railway, (by no means the most extensive railway in the city,) detained 15 minutes on a Sunday morning by the throng of passengers, who desired to go with them, and of a Sunday evening, I have seen 1500 Passengers come in on one train.

In some parts of the city, a market is held on Sunday morning; passing through Bethnal Green about 10 o'clock, being nearly church time, I saw the streets crowded with people marketing, the shops

all open; and baskets of fruit and vegetables for sale at the corners of the streets.

The best place to obtain a view of out door London life, is to get a place on top of the omnibus and ride through the city; you go through the principal streets and the most business parts of the city and you are removed from the bustle and crowd of the narrow thoroughfares while you have a good opportunity of viewing the passing throng.

The Omnibus driver is a distinct species of the Genus man, with his straight brimmed hat, cocked jauntily on the side of his head, and his knowing look, you might recognise him among ten thousand. He reigns the King of the whip—see with what skill he drives through the crowded streets of the metropolis—there is a line of heavy drays with their elephant like horses, on the one side, on the other is a rival bus driving at full speed, contact seems inevitable, but jarvey drives by with the utmost nonchalance, only grazing the wheels of rival (just for friendship) while the uninitiated passenger foresees but a paragraph in the Morning Chronicle headed, Distressing Casualty;—You approach a crowd at the next crossing, there seems a perfect jam in the narrow street, and just as you begin to congratulate yourself on having to exercise your patience on top of the omnibus for half an hour, till the policemen succeed in effecting a thoroughfare, our hero of the whip by a little scolding and a little coaxing, (but all done with the whip, for jarvey seldom speaks except in monosyllables) succeeds in forcing a passage to the other side of the throng, having firmly convinced you two or three times by his actions that he was going to wrench the body of the omnibus off. There are 1490 omnibuses at work in London employing 4000 hands. Making a low average there is spent in omnibus rides, in and around London £2980, per day, or nearly \$14,900.

The omnibuses generally start from the Bank and Exchange. The Bank of England occupies an entire square or rather an irregular parallelogram; it has a uniform appearance on the exterior, no windows on but one side, being lighted by skylights; it covers about 8 acres of land, and has gates for the admission of carts to the interior. The affairs of the bank of England are managed by a Governor, deputy Governor and 24 directors. The business was formerly conducted by 900 clerks but they have lately been augmented to 1100.

The monthly business conducted by the London bankers alone has averaged 75 million pounds and has reached 87 millions in one month.

The Exchange is to the south of the bank, the chief front is facing the Poultry and Mansion House; various offices renowned in the commercial world are located here, among which is Lloyd's the celebrated depot of shipping intelligence for all parts of the world, on the top of the exchange is a weather vane, which by machinery communicates with the interior of Lloyd's and registers the changes of the wind.

There are about 2000 merchants and brokers within half a mile of the Exchange.

In the neighborhood of St. Pauls are many of the wholesale stores which supply the country with dry goods; they are constructed on an immense scale, some of which I entered, employing 250 clerks and shopmen.

There are five parks in London. Hyde Park contains about 400 acres and has a deep artificial lake called the Serpentine, spanned by a handsome

bridge; at the eastern part is the grand entrance known as Hyde Park Corner, near which is Apsley House, the residence of the Duke of Wellington; in the park facing Apsley House is the statue of a Gladiator purporting to be that of Achilles, with the following inscription on it. "To Arthur Duke of Wellington, and his brave companions in arms, this statue of Achilles, cast from cannon taken in the victories of Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse, and Waterloo, is inscribed by their countrywomen" 28th June 1822.

St. James Park contains about 80 acres and has a fine sheet of water dotted with numerous islands, forming appropriate haunts for numerous species of aquatic birds; it is surrounded with beautiful shrubbery, and gravel walks winding under the thick foliage of the branching trees; on the west side of St. James' is Buckingham Palace the town residence of the Queen, on the south side is Westminster Abbey, and on the east is the Horse Guards, the Admiralty and Whitehall.

Green Park is a triangular piece of ground between St. James Park and Hyde Park.

Regents Park is about the same size as Hyde Park, but is more handsome; it is surrounded by the villas and seats of the aristocracy. The Zoological gardens occupy the northern part of the Park.

There is a park lately laid out at the east end of the city and is called Victoria Park; it contains about 280 acres.

The people of London may well be proud of their parks, for what more contributes to the health of the inhabitants of a crowded city, than fine pleasure grounds laid out tastefully with walks, shaded with trees, under whose umbrageous foliage, the pent up citizen and toil-worn artisan may inhale the healthful odours of vegetation;—the pure breath of heaven, instead of the noisome vapors and pestilent exhalations of a city residence. J. C.

London, Eng. Oct. 1846.

MISCELLANY.

PORTRAIT OF A HARD CASE.

BY DOW, JR.

Now you, that was cut out for a man, but was so villainously spoiled in making up, I'll attend to your case:—For what end did you burst open the world's door, and rush in uncalled like a man chased by a mad bull? What good do you expect to bestow on your fellow men? Some useful invention, some heroic act, some great discovery or even one solitary remark? No! those that look for anything good from you, will be just as badly fooled as the man who caught a skunk and thought it was a kitten; or the woman who made greens of gunpowder tea. You know where the neatest, tightest pants, with the strongest straps can be got "on tick," but you don't know where the next useful lecture will be delivered. You know the color of a vest, but never studied the gorgeous hues of the rainbow unless it was to wish for a piece to make a cravat of; you know how a fool feels in full dress, but you don't know how a man feels when he eats the bread earned by the sweat of his brow; you know how a monkey looks, for you see one every day twenty times in your landlady's looking glass, but you don't know how a man feels after doing a good action; you don't go where that sight is to be seen. Oh! you wasp-waisted, catfish-mouthed, baboon-shouldered, calliper-legged, goose-eyed, sheep-faced, be-

whiskered drone in the world's bee-hive! What are you good for? Nothing but to cheat your tailor, neatly to lisp by rote a line, from some milk and cider poetaster, sentimentally talk love, eat oysters and act the fool shamefully. I say does your mother know you're out? I am afraid you have no mother nor never had!

You are of no more use in this world than a time-piece in a beaver dam, or a mattress in a hog pen. You fill no larger space in this worlds eye than the toe nail of a musquito would in a market house, or a stump-tailed dog in all out doors; you are as little thought of as the fellow who knocked his grandmother's last tooth down her throat; and as for your brains, ten thousand such could be preseed in a drop of brandy, and have as much sea room as a tad-pole in Lake Superior—and as for your ideas, you have but one, (and that is stamped on your leaden skull an inch deep,) that tailors and females were made to be gulled by you and that you think decent people envy your appearance. Poor useless tobacco worm! You are a decidedly hard case!

DISOBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

Young man, that was your father. How could you make use of language so disrespectful? You don't care? You will talk as you please, no matter who hears you? If we were in want of a clerk, and there was not another young man within ten hundred miles that we could engage, we would not consent to take you. We should be afraid to trust a boy who is so disobedient to his parent—who shows so little respect for his father. A youth who was saucy to his parents we never knew to turn out well. He respects nobody. If your father is in the wrong, and you are certain of it, there is no excuse for such language. No one will respect you for it. Everybody will condemn you. A parent should be treated with the utmost respect by his children, no matter how poor he may be, or how large his children may have grown.

There is too little respect paid to parental authority at the present day. It is grievous to go into many families and hear the language daily used by the children. "I will,"—"I wont,"—"I don't care,"—"It's none of your business: I am old enough to know what is right,"—and the like expressions, are painfully common. Large boys and grown up girls even, do not hesitate to give their mothers the lie and break away from their express commands. They will do as they please, and go where they have a mind. We wish such children could only see how they appear in the eyes of their acquaintance, and if they have any shame it must flush their cheeks. There is truth as well as rhyme in a couplet by Randolph:

"Whoever makes his parent's heart to bleed,
Shall have a child that will revenge the deed."

Of one thing we are certain: an undutiful son and a disobedient daughter, cannot long prosper.

For a season they may appear well to the eye of a stranger; but their self-will and stubbornness are soon discovered, and they are despised. A child who disobeys his parents will not hesitate to abuse any body.—Neither age nor talents receive respect from him.—*Port. Bulletin.*

SPOILT CHILD.

AN unfortunate victim, who proves the weakness of his parents' judgment, much more forcibly than the strength of their affection. Doomed to feel by

daily experience, that a blind love is as bad as a clear-sighted hatred, the spoilt child, when he embitters the life of those who have poisoned his, is not so much committing an act of ingratitude, as of retributive justice. Is it not natural that he should love those too little, who by loving him too much have proved themselves his worst enemies?—How can we expect him to be a blessing to us, when we have been a curse to him? It is the awarded and just punishment of a weak over-indulgence, that the more we fondle a spoilt child, the more completely shall we alienate him, as an arrow flies the farther from us the closer we draw it to our bosom.

As a gentle hint to others similarly annoyed, we record the rebuke of a visiter, to whom a mother expressed her apprehension that he was disturbed by the crying of her spoilt brat.—"Not at all, Madam," was the reply; "I am always delighted to here such children cry."—"Indeed! why so?"—"Because in all well-regulated families, they are immediately sent out of the room."

THE SEPULCHRES OF KINGS.

BY JEREMY TAYLOR.

A MAN may read a sermon, the best and most passionate that ever man preached, if he shall but enter into the sepulchres of kings.—In the same Escorial where the Spanish princes live in greatness and power, and decree war or peace they have wisely placed a cemetery, where their glory shall sleep till time shall be no more, and where our kings have been crowned, their ancestor's lie interred, and they must walk over their grandsire's head to take his crown. There is an acre sown with royal seed, the copy of the greatest change from rich to naked, from ceiled roofs to arched coffins, from living like gods to die like men. There is enough to cool the flames of lust, to abate the height of pride, to appease the itch of covetous desires, to sully and dash out the colors of a lustful, artificial, and imaginary beauty. There the warlike and the peaceful, the fortunate and the miserable, the beloved and the despised prince, mingle their dust, and pay down their symbol of mortality, and tell all the world, that when we die, our ashes shall be equal to kings, and our accounts shall be easier, and our pains for our crimes shall be less. To my apprehension, it is a sad record which is left by Athenæus concerning Ninus, the great Assyrian monarch, whose life and death is summed up in these words:—"Ninus the Assyrian, had an ocean of gold, and other riches more than the sands in the Caspian sea; he never stirred up the holy fire among the magi, nor touched his god with the sacred rod according to the laws;—he never saw the stars, and perhaps he never desired it; he never offered sacrifice nor worshipped the Deity, nor administered justice, nor spake to the people, nor numbered them, but he was most valiant to eat and drink, and having mingled his wines, he threw the rest on the stones. This man is dead: behold his sepulchre, and now hear where Ninus is. "Sometime I was Ninus, and drew the breath of a living man, but now I am nothing but clay. I have nothing but what I did eat, and what I served to myself is all my portion: the wealth with which I was blessed my enemies meeting shall carry away, as the mad Thyades carry away a raw goat. I am gone to hell; and when I went thither I carried neither gold nor horse nor a silver chariot. I that wore a mitre, am now a little heap of dust."

MONTEREY.

THIS city, just captured, is the capital of the State of New Leon. It is on the Fernando river, about 220 miles from its mouth. It has well paved streets, and mostly one story stone buildings. The population is about 12,000, and the character of its fortification may be seen by the following extract from the correspondence of the Picayune:

The heart of the city is nothing but one fortification, the thick walls being pierced for muskets, and cannon being placed so as to rake the principal streets. The roof being flat, and the front walls rising three or four feet and above the roof of course every street has a line of breastworks on each side. Gen. Worth has gained all the strongholds that command the city, with the loss only about seventy killed and wounded! The achievement is a glorious one—sufficiently so to satisfy the ambition of any man on earth. I was expecting to see Gen. Worth rushing his men into unnecessary danger, in order to win for them and himself great military fame, but his conduct has been very different from this. His great study has been to gain these commanding points, with the least possible sacrifice of life. At first it seemed totally impossible to storm these heights—it looked like charging upon the clouds—but it has been done. The Bishop's palace, which is as strong as it has been represented to be, has been stormed and taken.

THE LADIES' INITIATIVE.

It is as natural for a woman to become inspired with a feeling of attachment as for a man. The only difference is, that her delicacy—a property, which I believe to be natural to her, not a mere result of education—shrinks from a broad, deliberate avowal of the sentiment. But she cannot wholly disguise or conceal it. It will then depend entirely on the man's penetration, and his seeing only a natural betrayal of her preference, whether he is to be affected by it, and moved to love in return. We have all read in the divine Mantuan's eclogue—"I love Phyllis before all, for she wept when I departed." Now, how eternal and invariable is human nature!—one of the men of highest rank and fortune in this country was first inspired with a regard for his amiable consort by a tear which came into her eye on his departure from her father's mansion. During his whole residence, and to the moment of his leaving, there was no symptom of preference; and such demonstration towards a man so obviously an object for matrimonial speculations, would have only been disgusting. But the departed returned, for something he had forgot—the tear, a natural tear, was there, and it had the effect of inspiring a reflection which might otherwise have never existed.—*Chamber's Ed. Jour.*

BODY.

THAT portion of our system which receives the chief attention of Messrs. Somebody, Anybody, and Everybody, while Nobody cares for the soul.—Body and mind are harnessed together to perform in concert the journey of life, a duty which they will accomplish pleasantly and safely if the coachman, Judgment, do not drive one faster than the other. If he attempt this, confusion, exhaustion and disease are sure to ensue. Sensualists are like savages, who cut down the tree to pluck all the fruit at once. Writers and close thinkers, on the contrary, who do not allow themselves sufficient

relaxation and permit the mind to "o'er-inform its tenement of clay," soon entail upon themselves physical or mental disorders, generally both. We are like lamps; if we wind up the intellectual burner too high, the glass becomes thickened or discolored with smoke, or it breaks, and the unregulated flame, blown about by every puff of wind, if not extinguished altogether, throws a fitful glare and distorting shadows over the objects that it was intended to illuminate. The bow that is the oftenest unbent, will the longest retain its strength and elasticity.

BOOK.

A THING formerly put aside to be read, and now read to be put aside. The world is, at present, divided into two classes—those who forget to read, and those who read to forget. Bookmaking, which used to be a science, is now a manufacture, with which, as in everything else, the market is so completely overstocked, that our literary operatives, if they wish to avoid starving, must eat up one another. They have for some time, been employed in cutting up each other, as if to prepare for the meal. Alas! they may have reason for their feast, without finding it a feast of reason.

FRIGHTENING A ROGUE.

IN the St. Louis Recorder's Court, recently, Alexander McNanus was fined \$5 for stealing wood from the steamer Hannibal, and was asked to "fork up" by his honor.

"C-c-c-can't do it," stammered he, "a-a-a-aint got th-th-the p-p-pewter, your honor."

"Are you a married man?" enquired the Recorder.

"N-n-n-not exactly s-s-s-so far gone yet sir."

"Well, I will have to send you to the workhouse," said the Recorder.

"T-t-t-taint nothing, t-t-t-to go th-th-there," said Alick, "I-I-I'm used to it; b-b-but when you t-t-t-talked about m-m-marriage old fellow, you f-f-f-frightened me!"

JACK TAR'S IDEA OF A LOCOMOTIVE.

"Why, blast the thing," says he, "there's nothing ship-shape, above-board, or manly about it. Watch a ship now, with her canvas belling out, laying down to it just enough to show she feels the breeze, tossing the spray from the bows, and lifting her head over the seas as if she stepped over'em, there's something like life there. There is something noble about a horse; he steps as if he knew he was a-going and was proud of being able to do it. But that lubber—bah! that there concern comes insinuating, sneaking along—crawling on his belly, like a thundering long snake with a pipe in his mouth."

A GOOD ONE.

THE Springfield Gazette tells a good story about a clergyman, who lost his horse on Saturday evening. After hunting in company with a boy, until midnight, he gave up in despair. The next day, somewhat dejected at his loss, he went into the pulpit, and took for his text the following passage from Job.—

"O, that I knew where I might find him!"

The boy who had just come in, supposing the horse was still the burthen of thought, cried out—

"I know where he is! He's in Deacon Smith's barn."

CARELESS TALKING.

"PRAY, madam, how do you do?"

"Dead, ma'am, with the tooth ache."

"Dear me, I am sorry for it; but I myself, have been dead these three weeks, and poor little Jackey is dying with the same complaint."

GOUT.—Sometimes the father's sin visited upon the child, but more often the child of our own sins visiting its father. A man of the latter stamp once asked Albernethy what he should do to avoid the infliction.—"Live upon a shilling a day—and earn it," was the reply, at once pertinent and impertinent.

"MOTHER," said a little boy the other day, "is there any harm in breaking egg-shells?" "Certainly not my dear; but why did you ask?" "Cause I dropped the basket just now, and see what a mess I'm in with the nasty yolks."

MODESTY.—The last case of modesty, is that of a lady who discarded her lover, a sea captain, because, in speaking of one of his voyages he said that he *hugged* the shore.

"Why do you not admire my daughter?" said a lady to a young man. "Because," said he "I, am no judge of PAINTING." "But surely," said the lady, not the least disconcerted by the reflection, "you never saw an angel that was not painted."

LORD BYRON very truly said, "If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows that he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them."

"SAMBO, what tink you of the times." "Pete, de times am beneaf my notice, and unworthy of my connection."

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

H. H. B. Summerhill, N. Y. \$1.00; G. A. S. Boston, Ms. \$2.00; J. C. T. Fulton, N. Y. \$1.00; G. L. F. Eaton Village, \$1.00; Mrs. C. H. Albury City, Vt. \$1.00; Miss J. N. South Egremont, Ms. \$1.00; H. D. Cortland Village, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Edwards, N. Y. \$2.00; G. S. S. Sheffield, Ms. \$4.00; P. M. South Livonia, N. Y. \$3.00; F. A. T. Adrian, Mich. \$1.00; W. K. East Evans, N. Y. \$5.00; G. B. B. Hebron, Ct. \$1.00; G. L. F. Eaton Village, N. Y. \$2.00; J. W. C. Red Creek, N. Y. \$3.00; T. H. Granville, N. Y. \$1.00; L. M. G. Middlefield, N. Y. \$4.00; Mrs. E. B. W. Flint Creek, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. Norwalk, O. \$1.00; A. P. Monroe, Ms. \$1.00.

MARRIAGES.

In Canaan, on the 22d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Thornton, Mr. Gideon Harden, to Miss Harriet Bunker, both of this city.

On the 19th ult. by the Rev. B. Van Zandt, Francis W. Bradley, Esq. to Miss Christina Harder, daughter of the late John N. Harder, all of Kinderhook.

At Pine Plains, on the 14th ult. by the Rev Stephen M. Vail, Mr. Abraham Killmore, to Miss Catherine Loomis, both of Gallatin.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Stephen M. Vail, Garrett Deyo, of Hudson, to Mary Catherine Dubois, of Poughkeepsie.

In New-York, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. Wm. Adams, D. D. Mr. Henry Dwight, Jr. to Miss Mary daughter of the late Campbell Bushnell.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 1st inst. Sarah Elizabeth, daughter of John Van Schanck, aged 16 months.

On the 3d inst. Emice Plumb, in her 72d year.

In New-York on the 12th ult. Mrs. Harriet Eagleson, wife of Thos. R. Eagleson and daughter of John Heath, formerly of this city, aged 32 years.

At Matagord, Texas, on the 15th ult. at the residence of her brother-in-law, Col. Thomas Stuart, Miss Sarah Bostwick, a late resident of this city.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

BY CATHERINE WEBB BARBER.

I CANNOT, from my soul blot out,
The picture of those hills,
With all their stately crowns of oak,
And all their singing rills,
I'm wandering now thro' flowery lands,
With many a league of sea,
And many a dome of art between,
Yet they are aye with me.

I stand amid their ragged cliffs,
The river at my feet,
Here wandering like a silver thread,
There glittering in a sheet,
And up to me the fresh'ning wind,
Bears sounds of peaceful life;
I hear the mill-clack, and the wheel
Turned by the thrifty wife.

Below me like a moving speck
The plough-boy drives his team,
With tattered hat and sunburnt hands,
And plough-share glittering sheen,
As thro' the green-sward keen it cuts
And crushes many a flower,
Which in the sunny light of spring
Was born to blush its hour.

Far off within the dusty road,
I see the Farmer's gray—
The old man and his ruddy wife
Are riding out to-day—
Their lives are like some peaceful stream
With sunlight on its breast;
In yon brown cottage what know they
Of turmoil and unrest?

The sweet birds love those old green hills,
And build their nests of hair,
Amid the interlacing boughs,
Rocked by the mountain air;
There too they lay their speckled eggs,
And teach their broods to fly,
And send, thro' all the summer months
Their glad notes thro' the sky.

I cannot from my heart blot out
The picture of those hills,
With all their stately crowns of oak
And all their crystal rills;—
I'm wandering now in southern climes
With the green rolling sea,
And many a league of land between,
But they are aye with me.

Oh! let me journey back to them
Now in my life's fresh morn!
And spend the remnant of my days,
Close by where I was born!
The world drinks up our innocence,
And clouds the sunny light,
Which lingers o'er our childhood's home
Until it ends in night.

Russell Co. Ala, Aug. 9th, 1846.

For the Rural Repository.

THE SLOTHFUL FARMER.

In the state of Vermont, far up this way,
Where we labor to earn our bread,
There once lived a man, who as I've heard say,
Spent most of his time in bed.

Yet somehow he managed a cow to keep,
Together with four or five hogs,
And a small flock of nearly a dozen of sheep,
And three or four half starved dogs.

His buildings showed premature signs of decay,
With boards swinging loose in the wind;
And the rags from his windows were blowing away,
Leaving only an opening behind.

His land had become so exhausted and poor,
That nought to advantage would grow,
It never had yet seen a coat of manure,
Unless 'twas a coating of snow.

His fences were ruined, and broken and gone,
'Till whatever pleased passed through;
And 'twas seldom he had any more ploughing done,
Than just what his hogs could do!

His crops when once planted were suffered to go,
Without his assistance to seed;
And his neighbors all wondered his corn shouldn't grow
While it stood in such excellent feed:

And thus with each crop it would still be the same,
It would never be tended at all;
And if it by chance to maturity came,
It was suffered to waste in the fall.

Thus he managed till finally hunger and want,
Drove him forth like a hog from his nest;
And he swore 'twas no place for a man in Vermont,
So he sold and removed to the west. A. H. M.
Middlebury, Vt. 1846.

For the Rural Repository.

OLD WINTER AGAIN.

BY THE PRIVATE SCHOLAR.

Old Winter agen
From his frosty den,
Comes shaking his hoary beard,
With many a whim
In his visage grim,
And his aged locks unsheared,

O'er valley and hill,
He roameth at will—
The frowning king of the sky;
And shrieketh aloud,
In his mantle shroud,
As his cloudy car moves by.

Where the brooklets play,
And the linnet gay,
Sang sweet in the ear of June;
Now reigning supreme,
O'er wood and stream,
He pipeth his tempest tune.

He wandered forth
From the icy North—
From his home in the frozen sea;
To blight with his breath,
The flowers to death—
Such a mischievous wight is he.

The cheek of the Miss,
He paints with a kiss—
With her ringlets he plays his pranks;
Then whistles a tune,
O'er the poor man's boon,
And cries, "to the world no thanks."

There's not a nook,
But his searching look,
Will be sure to find it out;
For his old gray eye
Has a knack to pry
In each corner and cranny about.

Though many are awed
When he goeth abroad,
And speaketh his trumpet sound;
Yet, I and he
Shall ever agree—
To me 'tis a jovial sound.

I'm always gay,
When I see him play,
With his white locks flowing free;
And I love to hear
His boisterous cheer,
For a merry old chap is he.

Starkville, N. Y. 1846.

For the Rural Repository.

TO A FRIEND.

BY ISAAC COBB.

"And when retired from every eye,
You humbly bow the knee,
Imploping blessings from on high,
Oh then remember me.—R. H."

When zephyrs are wafting the fragrance of flowers,
And music resounds through the groves and the bowers,
Oh then I'll remember the friend of my youth,
While lowly I bow at the altar of truth,
Entreating the God of the humble in heart,
To grant thee a blessing wherever thou art.

When nature is bringing the day to its close,
And mortals are hailing the time of repose—
Oh then I'll repair to some lovely retreat,
And pray that thy rest through the night may be sweet,
That heaven may kindly give ear to thy prayer,
And angels afford thee their guardian care.

Gorham, Me. 1846.

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